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San Francisco Chronicle

THE VOICE OF THE WEST

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1962

10

Nation

dy Says it Now stified'

nited Press

told the country last night
immediate tax cut.

economy should demand it,
to act on one before year's

promised again to request
next year, at the latest,
a "top to bottom, across-
the-board" reduction in
personal and corporate
income taxes — retroac-
tive to next January 1. He
said key members of Con-
gress already had assured
him of quick action on
this.

While the economy is by
no means up to Administra-
tion goals, Mr. Kennedy said,
it does not require the stim-
ulus of a tax cut now. Even
if one were sought, Congress
would not approve it, he
added.

The President said that the
Administration plans to cut
taxes because "our present
tax system is a drag on eco-
nomic recovery and econom-
ic growth, biting heavily into
the purchasing power of
every taxpayer and every
consumer . . ." Then he
added:

"Let me emphasize, how-
ever, that I have not been
talking about a different kind
of tax cut, a quick, tempo-
rary tax cut to prevent a new
recession . . ." In the ab-

See Page 20, Col. 1

East-West Bedlam at Berlin Wall

Crusader at Work



G. CLIFFORD PROUT AND FAWN
Nothing like it in a deer's world

Carpenters Bar Talks in Washington

By Kirk Smith
Labor Correspondent

Local carpenters re-
jected a proposal yester-
day that they take their
bargaining troubles to a
Washington, D.C., media-
tion conference.

And C. R. Bartalini,
leader of 18,000 carpen-
ters in San Francisco,
Marin, San Mateo and
Alameda counties, sharp-

Blame the Beasts

City Called 'Moral Disaster Area'

By George Draper

(Copyright, 1962, by Chronicle Publishing Co.)

San Francisco was declared a "moral disaster area" yesterday by G. Clifford Prout Jr., the New York crusader who believes bikinis, bloomers, knickers and shorts should cover the "vital areas" of naked animals.

Prout, president of the non-profit Society for Indecency to Naked Animals, delivered his harsh judgment of the city's moral status following a blitzkrieg inspection tour of prime animal centers.

A Space Rendezvous

Two Cos Maneuver

Moon-Trip Mileage Dwarfed

A.P. & U.P.

Moscow

One of the two Rus-
sians orbiting the earth
passed the million-mile
mark and there were in-
dications today that the
cosmonauts might
have attempted a rendez-
vous in space.

Major Andrian Niko-
layev, who was hurled
into space Saturday
aboard Vostok III, began
his fourth day in space.
Somewhere in the vicin-
ity, Lieutenant Colonel
Pavel Popovich, who was
launched into an almost
identical orbit Sunday,
was beginning his third

An American Dr. James
Jones of the Standard Oil Co.
(Ohio) research center in
Cleveland, said he believed
the Russian cosmonauts
could come together, "some-
times before noon, some-
times after noon," he said.
He also said that both men
were now in one orbit.

"One reason why they
may have had a rendez-
vous is there are no voice
transmissions from Vostok
III," he said. "We don't know
if they are still alive."

See Page 14, Col. 1

100 Battle Fire Atop



A GRIEVING JOE DI MAGGIO
He never forgot to write

He Quit Job

Joe's Plan to Be Near Marilyn

Smithfield, Va.

Joe DiMaggio, apparently very worried about and still deeply in love with his ex-wife Marilyn Monroe, quit his \$100,000-a-year job to set up a home near her only four days before she died, his former employer said yesterday.

DiMaggio returned to this country from a long and exhausting trip to Europe as a representative of V. H. Monette, Inc., June 10. Monette said.

Between then and August 1 he made three flying visits to the West Coast to see Miss Monroe.

The former baseball star quit August 1 so he could settle on the West Coast near Miss Monroe's home in Brentwood, Monette said. The actress was found dead in bed of an overdose of sleeping pills early August 5.

DiMaggio had been a Monette vice president and the company's top field representative for

after divorcing DiMaggio.

Miss Monroe saw DiMaggio frequently after she divorced Miller. Last spring, she vacationed in Florida while DiMaggio was on leave from Monette to help coach the New York Yankees in spring training there.

NOTES

Monette said DiMaggio continued to reveal his love in small ways.

"He was never a man to write letters to anyone, not even to his family," Monette said.

"But wherever he went, he would always find time to drop her a note, or a card, or send her flowers."

In Hollywood yesterday it was reported that two women close to Miss Monroe have left the scene.

FIRED?

Her personal press agent, Pat Newcomb, is no longer with the publicity firm she worked for, and a trade paper said she had been fired.

Presidio GI Leaps From Speed

Newark, N. J.

An Army sergeant from the Presidio in San Francisco was badly injured here yesterday when he jumped from a train after seeing his wife off on a trip.

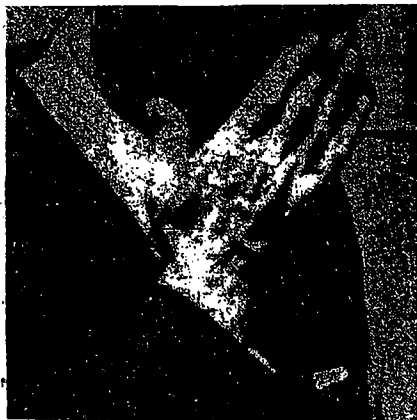
The train was traveling at about 20 miles an hour at the time.

The sergeant, Richard Knoepfel, 24, of the 115th Army Intelligence Group, was too dazed to recall exactly what happened.

Police said the sergeant, who was on leave from the Presidio, was seen by a New York Times reporter and a New York Times photographer on the train. The reporter, who was on the train, said the sergeant was seen jumping from the train. The photographer, who was on the train, said the sergeant was seen jumping from the train.

only **ROOS**
has **DOBBS** ne
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DiMaggio had been a Monette vice president and the company's top field representative for four years. The company is a manufacturers' representative supplying service post exchanges.

Monette, who traveled frequently with DiMaggio, said he believed the former baseball great was still in love with Marilyn, although their marriage lasted only nine months and the movie star married playwright Arthur Miller

after divorcing DiMaggio.

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Marilyn's housekeeper, Eunice Murray, who found the actress' body has checked out of her Santa Monica apartment and left no forwarding address.

A Los Angeles columnist said Miss Newcomb has gone to Hyannis Port, Mass., as guest of the Peter Lawfords.

Associated Press

only **ROOS**
has **DOBBS** ne
imported V



Presidio GI Leaps From Speeding Train

The train was traveling at about 60 miles an hour at the time.

The sergeant, Richard Knoepfel, 24, of the 115th Army Intelligence Group, was too dazed to recall exactly what happened.

Police, with the help of Knoepfel's uncle, Raymond J. Otis, a New Jersey public utilities commissioner, pieced together this explanation:

Knoepfel took his wife, Catherine, to Pennsylvania Station to catch the express

to Philadelphia.

Knoepfel boarded the train to help his wife find her bag.

and the train began to move unexpectedly. Learning the next stop was Trenton, 50 miles away, the sergeant elected to jump.

He was found, bleeding and unconscious, about a mile from the station.

Knoepfel was taken to St. James Hospital with fractures of the right forearm, right ankle and chest, and a forehead gash that required

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JAN 12 1967
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

stitches. Knoepfel's mother, Mrs. William J. Knoepfel, 60, of 115th Army Intelligence Group, was too dazed to recall exactly what happened.

Our 115th Army Intelligence Group

only **ROOS/ATKINS**

has **DOBBS** new hats of
imported **VIVELLA!**



Tab J

MEMORIES OF MARILYN

#540-Partial
(only pages 32+33—
pages 63-71 missing
from journal)



LIFE**STORY OF THE WEEK**

Science finds new clues to the mysteries of lightning's fearsome bolts 20

EDITORIALS

Now Congress should take lead in lawmaking 4
Stand against featherbedding

NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD 28**COLOR SPECTACLE**

Mantegna: impassioned and irascible pioneer of Renaissance art. Photographed for LIFE by Dmitri Kessel 48

ARTICLES OF THE WEEK

Last talk with a lonely girl. By Richard Meryman 32
The antic magic of Central Park. By Robert Wallace. Photographed for LIFE by Leonard McCombe 72

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

Remember Marilyn 63

SPOTLIGHT

A bouquet of blossoming blondes. Photographed for LIFE by Peter Stackpole 85

DEPARTMENTS

Sports: a lure fish can't pass up 39
Special Report: a Mr. Million Miami missed. By David Nevin 13
LIFE GUIDE to industrial tours, books, festivals, movies, records 19
Letters to the Editors 15
Miscellany: double ducks of distinction 92

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COVER—LAWRENCE SCHILLER
2, 3—A.F.P. from PICTORIAL PARADE
13—DUC KENNEDY for the MIAMI HERALD
19—drawing by JOHN HUEHNERGARTH
20, 21—WILLIAM L. WIDMAYER
22—LYNN PELHAM from RAPID-GUILLUMETTE
23—diagram by MEL HUNTER—CULVER PICTURES
24, 25—H. FRITZ GORD (2)—TONY RECORD for the FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM; rt. WEST-INGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION (3)
26, 27—U.S. AIR FORCE CAMBRIDGE RESEARCH LABORATORIES
28, 29—EARL H. SCHNEIDER for WAUKESHA FREEMAN, HENRY BURROUGHS from A.P.
30, 31—H. EVERETT CIEBER—RAFAEL CASTELLANOS; cm. U.P.I.; rt. FRANCIS MILLER
32, 33—LAWRENCE SCHILLER & DON CRAVENS
34—BURK UZZLE from B.S.
35—FRITZ GORD
41—STAN WAYMAN
42—JIM PETERSON for the MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE
48, 49—H. HERBERT ORTH courtesy METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
63—ANDRÉ DE DIENES
64—S. PHILIPPE HALSMAN
65—ANDRÉ DE DIENES—BERT STERN
66, 67—H. U.P.I.; rt. KEN HEYMAN—LEE LOCKWOOD from B.S.
68, 69—RICHARD AYEDDN
70, 71—BERT STERN
92—EINAR G. CHINDMARK for the HARTFORD TIMES

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August 17, 1962
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PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On a human ocean of acclaim bobbed the portrait of Ahmed Ben Bella. Algeria's leftist vice premier returned to Algiers after an absence of six years to dictate terms to his rivals for leadership of the new government. With the threat of a civil war seemingly removed, the city welcomed him in a paroxysm of joy and relief. But there was little jubilation in Paris or elsewhere in the West, where it had been hoped that the more moderate Benyoussef Ben Khedda might take power. At the mo-

A LAST LONG TALK WITH

Only a few weeks before her death Marilyn Monroe talked at length to LIFE Associate Editor Richard Meryman about the effects of fame on her life. Her story was published in the August 3 issue. Here he recalls what Marilyn was like as she talked to him.

by RICHARD MERYMAN

If Marilyn Monroe was glad to see you, her "hello" will sound in your mind all of your life—the breathless warmth of the emphasis on the "lo," her well-deep eyes turned up toward you and her face radiantly crinkled in a wonderfully girlish smile.

I first experienced this when, after two get-acquainted meetings in New York, I came in the late afternoon several weeks ago to her Brentwood, Calif. home to begin a series of conversations on fame. Expecting one of the famous waits for Marilyn, I sat on the soft wall-to-wall carpet of the living room and began struggling to set up my tape recorder. Suddenly I became aware of a pair of brilliant yellow slacks upright beside me. In the slacks was Marilyn, silently watching me with a solicitous grin, very straight and slender with delicately narrow shoulders. She seemed shorter than I remembered and she looked spectacular in a loose-fitting blouse. I stood up and we greeted and she said, "Do you want my tape recorder? I bought one to play the poems of a friend of mine."

Before starting what was to be no less than a six-hour talk, she wanted to show me her house which she had personally searched out and bought. Describing it earlier she exclaimed, "... and it has walls." She had refused LIFE any pictures of it, saying, "I don't want everybody to see exactly where I live, what my sofa or my fireplace looks like. Do you know the book *Everyman*? Well, I want to stay just in the fantasy of *Everyman*."

It was a small, three-bedroom house built in Mexican style, the first home entirely her own she had ever had. She exulted in it. On a special trip to Mexico she had carefully searched in roadside stands and shops and even factories to find just the right things to put in it. The large items had not arrived—nor was she ever to see them installed. As she led me through the rooms, bare and makeshift as though someone lived there only temporarily, she described with loving excitement each couch and table and dresser, where it would go and what was special about it. The few small Mexican things—a tin candelabra, folding stools ingeniously carved from single pieces of wood, a leather-covered coffee table, tiles on the kitchen walls—revealed her impetuous, charming taste. Separate from the house, attached to her two-car garage, was a large room being converted to an apartment which would be, she explained, "a place for any friends of mine who are in some kind of trouble,

ered till things are OK for them."

Back in the house I remarked on the profusion of flowers outside. Her face grew bright and she said, "I don't know why, but I've always been able to make anything grow." She went on: "When I was married to Mr. Miller, we celebrated Hanukkah and I felt, well, we should have also a Christmas tree. But I couldn't stand the idea of going out and chopping off a Christmas tree."

In the living room, seated on a nondescript chair and sofa, we went on talking—after Marilyn poured herself a glass of champagne. At each question she paused thoughtfully. "I'm trying to find the nailhead, not just strike a blow," she said. Then a deep breath and out her thoughts would tumble, breathless words falling over breathless words. Once she said, "One way basically to handle fame is with honesty and I mean it and the other way to handle it when something happens—as things have happened recently, and I've had other things happen to me, suddenly, my goodness, the things they try to do to you, it's hard to take—I handle with silence."

Her inflections came as surprising

twists and every emotion was in full bravura, acted out with exuberant gestures. Across her face flashed anger, wistfulness, bravado, tenderness, ruefulness, high humor and deep sadness. And each idea usually ended in a startling turn of thought, with her laugh rising to a delighted squeak. "I think I have always had a little humor," said Marilyn. "I guess sometimes people just sort of questioned 'does she know what she's saying,' and sometimes you do all of a sudden think about something else and you didn't mean to say it exactly. I'm pointing at me. I don't digest things with my mind. If I did, the whole thing wouldn't work. Then I'd just be kind of an intellectual and that I'm not interested in."

At this point I began to see that Marilyn did nothing by halves. Of her millions of fans she said, "The least I can do is give them the best they can get from me. What's the good of drawing in the next breath if all you do is let it out and draw in another?" I could also see how important it was to her to feel that the person she talked to "understood."

Understanding apparently means being very sympathetic, taking the side in everything, recognizing the nuances of her meanings and valuing all that she valued, especially small things. When I showed genuine enthusiasm for her house, she said, "Good, anybody who likes my house I'm sure I'll get along with."

But I had the constant, uneasy feeling that my status with her was precarious, that if I grew the least careless she might suddenly decide that I, like many others she felt had let her down, did not understand. Once I slangily asked her how she "cranked up" to do a scene. I was instantly confronted by queenly outrage: "I don't crank anything. I'm not a Model T. I think that's kind of disrespectful to refer to it that way."

But I could not feel impatient with her impatience. It was all so understandable as she talked about the people who wrote columns and stories about her: "They go around and ask mostly your enemies. Friends always say, 'Let's check and see if this is right with her.'" And then she added wistfully: "You know, most people really don't know me." There was grief in her eyes when she described



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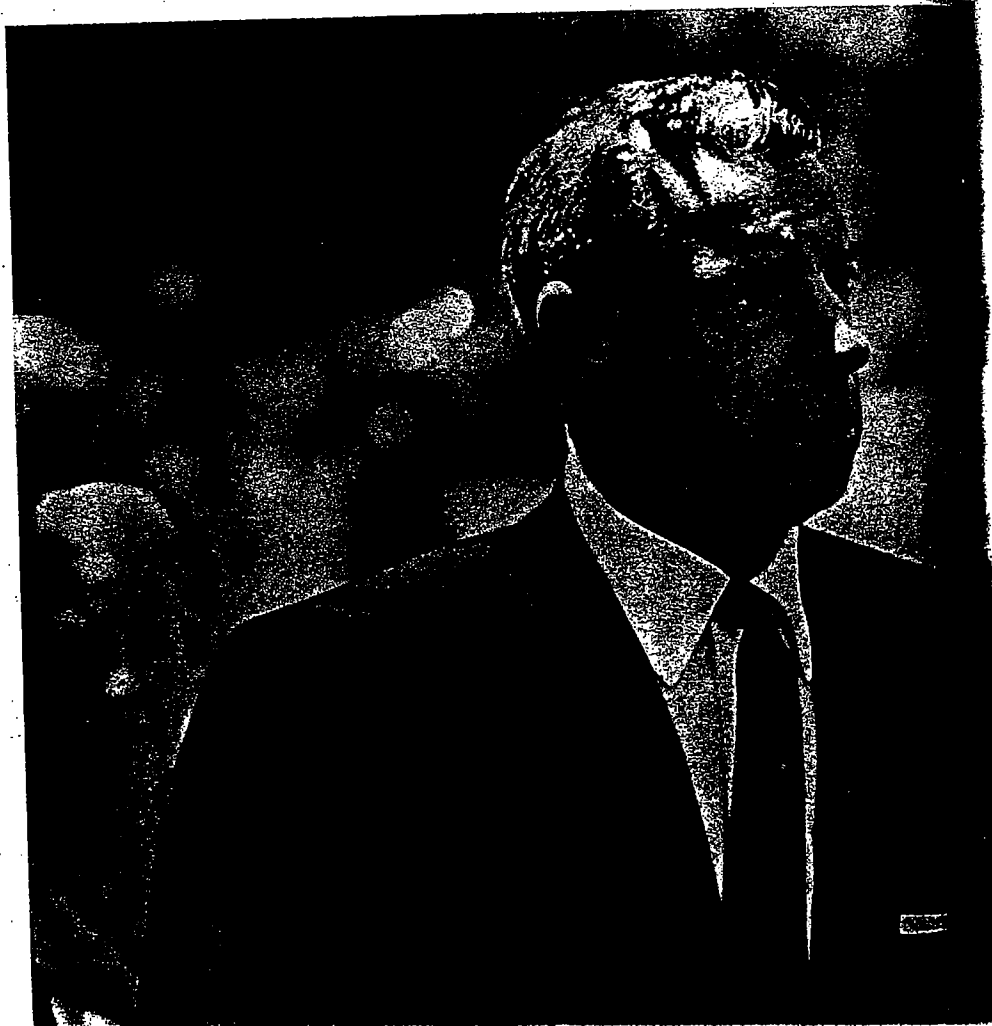
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A LONELY GIRL

*Her legacy of beauty:
Marilyn on pages 63-71*

Now she had once found her stepson Bobby Miller hiding a magazine containing a lurid article about her, and now Joe DiMaggio Jr. used to be taunted at school because of her.

"You know, ha, ha, your stepmother is Marilyn Monroe, ha, ha, ha, ha. All that kind of stuff." And there was yearning in her voice as she returned over and over again to "kids, and older people and workmen" as a source of warmth in her life, as the unthreatening people who treated her naturally, whom she could meet spontaneously. I felt a rush of protectiveness for her; a wish—perhaps the sort that was at the root of the public's tenderness for Marilyn—to keep her from anything ugly and hurtful.

Before I left late that night she asked to be sent a transcript of the interview. "I often wake up in the night," she explained, "and I like to have something to think about."

When I arrived the next afternoon for a second session she immediately asked to postpone our talk. She was tied out, she said, from negotiations with 20th Century-Fox over resumption of *Something's Got to Give*. But she hospitably offered me a drink and chatted. She was obviously upset.

But there was no hint of morose despair. She was electric with indignation and began talking angrily about how studios treat their stars. Then she paused, said she needed something to help overcome her tiredness and got a glass of champagne. I asked if she had ever wished that she were tougher. She answered, "Yes—but I don't think it would be very feminine to be tough. Guess I'll settle for the way I am."

We were interrupted when her doctor arrived. Marilyn bounded out to the kitchen, returned with a little ampule, and holding it up to me said, "No kidding, they're making me take liver shots. Here, I'll prove it to you." By then she was willing to talk on, and it was nearly midnight when Marilyn jumped up and announced she was going to throw a steak on the grill. She came back to say there was no steak and no food at all. Before I left one of the last things she said was, "With fame, you know, you can read about yourself, somebody else's ideas about you, but what's important is how you feel about yourself—for survival and liv-

ing day to day with what comes up."

Over the weekend Marilyn was scheduled to pose for pictures so I suggested we eat breakfast before her noon appointment. She agreed and I arrived on Saturday at 10. I rang the doorbell repeatedly. No answer. But through the window I could see a man sitting in her little glassed-in porch, reading a magazine with the bored patience of somebody who had been there a long time. I waited and rang for 10 minutes, then went away for an hour. At 11 my ring was answered by Marilyn's housekeeper, Mrs. Murray, who took me to wait in a guest room just off a tiny hall from Marilyn's bedroom. At noon Mrs. Murray took a tray of breakfast in to her. Shortly afterward Marilyn came out and said hello.

I then became a witness to the fabled process of Marilyn preparing for an appointment—and being four hours late for it. The patient gentleman was her hairdresser, Mr. Kenneth. While he worked on her and she sat under the dryer I could hear uproarious laughter. Then, in her curlers, she made little barefooted errands about the house and in and out of her room, phone calls, visits to me

to ask if I was comfortable, all busy bustling, getting nothing done. There was none of the fearful moping and preening in front of mirrors I had heard so much about. She was entirely cheerful and utterly disorganized. I could not help feeling that what some people blamed on stagefright might partly be her endless debt to time. The necessary mechanics of daily living were beyond her grasp; she always started out behind and never caught up.

Finally she was almost ready and she came trippingly into the room where I sat. She wore high heels, orange slacks, a brassiere, and held an orange blouse carelessly across her bosom. "Do I look like a pumpkin in this outfit?" she asked. She looked wonderful. "You'll set the fashion industry ahead 10 years," I said. She was very pleased and answered, "You think so? Good!"

Two days later I called Marilyn for another appointment to talk over the final draft of her story. She said, "Come anytime, like, you know, for breakfast." There was in her voice a note which I had come to recognize—an appealing eagerness to please. I came again at 10 and once again she slept till noon. Finally we sat down together on a tiny sofa. She was barefooted, wearing a robe, and had not yet washed off last night's mascara. Her delicate hair was in a sleep-tumbled whirl. But she had made me feel this was a compliment. "Friends," she had said, "accept you the way you are." As was usual, her face was very pale. She held the manuscript high in front of her eyes and carefully read it aloud, listening to every phrase to be sure it sounded exactly like her.

She kept the manuscript and I returned for it late that afternoon. On the steps of the house she showed me changes she had penciled in, all of them small. She asked me to take out a remark about quietly giving money to needy individuals. And then we said goodbye. As I walked away she suddenly called after me, "Hey, thanks." I turned to look back and there she stood, very still and strangely forlorn. I thought then of her reaction earlier when I had asked if many friends had called up to rally round when she was fired by Fox. There was silence, and sitting very straight, eyes wide and hurt, she had answered with a tiny "No."



THE QUIET ONES. In stony grief Joe DiMaggio and his 21-year-old Marine son Joe Jr. leave her funeral in Westwood. Her second husband and a beloved star in his own right, DiMaggio seized command of all arrange-

A LONELY GIRL

Marilyn on pages 63-71

she had once found her stepson Bobby Miller hiding a magazine containing a lurid article about her, and Joe DiMaggio Jr. used to be teased at school because of her. "You know, ha, ha, your stepmother Marilyn Monroe, ha, ha, ha. All that kind of stuff." And there was something in her voice as she returned and over again to "kids, and other people and workmen" as a source of warmth in her life, as the threatening people who treated her brutally, whom she could meet spontaneously. I felt a rush of protectiveness for her; a wish—perhaps the sort that was at the root of the public's obsession for Marilyn—to keep her from anything ugly and hurtful.

Before I left late that night she had to be sent a transcript of the interview. "I often wake up in the night," she explained, "and I like to have something to think about."

When I arrived the next afternoon for a second session she immediately had to postpone our talk. She was out, she said, from negotiations with 20th Century-Fox over resumption of *Something's Got to Give*. But hospitably offered me a drink and chatted. She was obviously upset.

But there was no hint of morose despair. She was electric with indignation and began talking angrily about how studios treat their stars. Then she paused, said she needed something to help overcome her tiredness and got a glass of champagne. I asked if she had ever wished that she were tougher. She answered, "Yes—but I don't think it would be very feminine to be tough. Guess I'll settle for the way I am."

We were interrupted when her doctor arrived. Marilyn bounded out to the kitchen, returned with a little ampule, and holding it up to me said, "No kidding, they're making me take liver shots. Here, I'll prove it to you." By then she was willing to talk on, and it was nearly midnight when Marilyn jumped up and announced she was going to throw a steak on the grill. She came back to say there was no steak and no food at all. Before I left one of the last things she said was, "With fame, you know, you can read about yourself, somebody else's ideas about you, but what's important is how you feel about yourself—for survival and liv-

ing day to day with what comes up."

Over the weekend Marilyn was scheduled to pose for pictures so I suggested we eat breakfast before her noon appointment. She agreed and I arrived on Saturday at 10. I rang the doorbell repeatedly. No answer. But through the window I could see a man sitting in her little glassed-in porch, reading a magazine with the bored patience of somebody who had been there a long time. I waited and rang for 10 minutes, then went away for an hour. At 11 my ring was answered by Marilyn's housekeeper, Mrs. Murray, who took me to wait in a guest room just off a tiny hall from Marilyn's bedroom. At noon Mrs. Murray took a tray of breakfast in to her. Shortly afterward Marilyn came out and said hello.

I then became a witness to the fabled process of Marilyn preparing for an appointment—and being four hours late for it. The patient gentleman was her hairdresser, Mr. Kenneth. While he worked on her and she sat under the dryer I could hear uproarious laughter. Then, in her curlers, she made little barefooted errands about the house and in and out of her room, phone calls, visits to me

to ask if I was comfortable, all busy bustling, getting nothing done. There was none of the fearful moping and preening in front of mirrors I had heard so much about. She was entirely cheerful and utterly disorganized. I could not help feeling that what some people blamed on stagefright might partly be her endless debt to time. The necessary mechanics of daily living were beyond her grasp; she always started out behind and never caught up.

Finally she was almost ready and she came trippingly into the room where I sat. She wore high heels, orange slacks, a brassiere, and held an orange blouse carelessly across her bosom. "Do I look like a pumpkin in this outfit?" she asked. She looked wonderful. "You'll set the fashion industry ahead 10 years," I said. She was very pleased and answered, "You think so? Good!"

Two days later I called Marilyn for another appointment to talk over the final draft of her story. She said, "Come anytime, like, you know, for breakfast." There was in her voice a note which I had come to recognize—an appealing eagerness to please. I came again at 10 and once again she slept till noon. Finally we sat down together on a tiny sofa. She was barefooted, wearing a robe, and had not yet washed off last night's mascara. Her delicate hair was in a sleep-tumbled whirl. But she had made me feel this was a compliment. "Friends," she had said, "accept you the way you are." As was usual, her face was very pale. She held the manuscript high in front of her eyes and carefully read it aloud, listening to every phrase to be sure it sounded exactly like her.

She kept the manuscript and I returned for it late that afternoon. On the steps of the house she showed me changes she had penciled in, all of them small. She asked me to take out a remark about quietly giving money to needy individuals. And then we said goodby. As I walked away she suddenly called after me, "Hey, thanks." I turned to look back and there she stood, very still and strangely forlorn. I thought then of her reaction earlier when I had asked if many friends had called up to rally round when she was fired by Fox. There was silence, and sitting very straight, eyes wide and hurt, she had answered with a tiny "No."

THE QUIET ONES. In stony grief Joe DiMaggio and his 21-year-old Marine son Joe Jr. leave her funeral in Westwood. Her second husband and a beloved star in his own right, DiMaggio seized command of all arrangements, and all Hollywood celebrities were barred to keep the last rites private. At the end, Joe was reported to have bent over Marilyn and gently kissed her goodby.



Tab K



Spanish villagers enjoy bread with their circuses, especially at the Cattail Fiesta each January, when a symbolic offering to the poor occurs in a swirl of cattail fuzz that blankets the town like snow (page 80).



August 1992
Volume 15, Number 8

6 MOMENTS IN LIFE

16 LETTERS

21 OUR TIMES

26 Alone Together:

Charles and Diana

The tumult in the House of Windsor was inevitable; its consequences are enormous. A distinguished royal biographer explains why
by Robert Lacey

34 My Search for Nader Ali

A LIFE photographer finds the Afghan cellmate who taught him love in time of war
by Tony O'Brien

55 Get Smart. Get Scared.

Get Out of the Sun

It's worse than you think—far worse. New research explains how the sun can kill and how you can protect yourself

62 Casualties of War

Their son killed by friendly fire, a mother and father lose faith in their country
by Cal Fussman

72 Marilyn Monroe:

The Last Interview

On the 30th anniversary of her death, the star's final words to her public
by Richard Meryman

80 The Spectacle of Spain

A woman of La Mancha

tilts her camera at an Olympian array of fiestas

Photographs by Cristina Garcia Rodero

91 SNAPSHOT

Mad Youth

by Art Spiegelman

92 JUST ONE MORE

Cover photograph by Patrick Demarchelier
Inset: Bert Stern

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MARILYN MONROE

THE LAST INTERVIEW

B

y the summer of 1962, Marilyn Monroe's life and career were in turmoil. After she had missed 12 of 32 shooting days on *Something's Got to Give*, 20th Century-Fox fired her. She was rumored to be increasingly reliant on stimulants and sleeping pills, and most of Hollywood considered her so deeply disturbed that she was unemployable.

Whatever her problems, though, Monroe still exerted a magical hold on the American public. So when LIFE Associate Editor Richard Meryman set out to write an article about "the experience of fame—how it transformed a person, a life," there were two names at the top of his list. First he approached Cary Grant, who refused his request for an interview. His second choice was Monroe. "She was immediately interested," recalls Meryman, now a freelance writer living in New York. "She checked me out in a meeting—at which she was an hour late—and apparently I passed because she agreed to cooperate."

Meryman conducted the interviews in Monroe's brand-new house in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. "I arrived knowing only that I was going to tape-record our sessions. The moment she began talking, her ideas came out so complete, so well prepared, that they could go almost directly onto a page. I decided on the spot to remove my voice entirely and have her speak in a monologue to the reader. . . . I think she was far smarter than her public image."

In a rare and candid series of conversations with Meryman—which forms the basis of an HBO documentary that will have its first showing on July 20—Monroe spoke about the rewards and burdens of fame, her role as a sex symbol, her childhood in foster homes and a host of other subjects. On August 5, 1962, only a week after Meryman's interview was published in LIFE, she died from an overdose of sleeping pills. "I was dumbfounded," Meryman says. "I had seen her anger and self-justification, but no hints of suicidal desperation."

Thirty years later, Monroe remains as large a figure in our imaginations as when she was alive, and the Meryman interview remains her most eloquent and revealing last testament.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALLAN GRANT

These contact strips and the pictures on the pages that follow are from Allan Grant's three-hour session with Monroe in July 1962. Grant's photos accompanied the original publication of her last interview.

MARILYN'S LAST PHOTO SESSION, PHOTOGRAPHS © COPYRIGHT ALLAN GRANT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

S

ometimes wearing a scarf and a polo coat and no makeup and with a certain attitude of walking, I go shopping—or just looking at people living. But then you know, there will be a few teenagers who are kind of sharp and they'll say, "Hey, just a minute—you know who I think that is?" And then they'll start tailing me. And I don't mind. I realize some people want to see if you're real. The teenagers, the little kids, their faces light up—they say "gee" and they can't wait to tell their friends. And old people come up and say, "Wait till I tell my wife." You've changed their whole day.

In the morning the garbagemen that go by 57th Street when I come out the door say, "Marilyn, hi! How do you feel this morning?" To me it's an honor, and I love them for it. The workmen—I'll go by and they'll whistle. At first they whistle because they think, oh, it's a girl, she's got blonde hair and she's not out of shape, and then they say, "Gosh, it's Marilyn Monroe!" And that has its—you know, those are the times it's nice, people knowing who you are and all of that, and feeling that you've meant something to them.

I don't know why, but somehow I feel they know that I mean what I do—both when I'm acting on the screen or when I see them in person and greet them—that I really always do mean hello and how are you? In their fantasies they feel—Gee, it can happen to me!

But when you're famous you kind of run into human nature in a raw kind of way. It stirs up envy, fame does. People you run into feel that, well, who is she—who does she think she is, Marilyn Monroe? They feel fame gives them some kind of privilege to walk up to you and say anything to you, you know, of any kind of nature—and it won't hurt your feelings—like it's happening to your clothing. One time, here I am looking for a home to buy, and I stopped at this place. A man came out and was very pleasant, very cheerful, and said, "Oh, just a moment, I want my wife to meet you." Well, she came out and said, "Will you please get off the premises?"

You're always running into people's unconscious. Let's take some actors—or directors. Usually they don't say it to me, they say it to the newspapers because that's a bigger play. You know, if they're only insulting me to my face, that doesn't make a big enough play because all I have to do is say, "See you around, like never." But if it's the newspapers, it's coast to coast and on around the world. I don't understand why people aren't a little more generous with each other. I don't like to say this, but I'm afraid there is a lot of envy in this business. The only thing I can do is I stop and think, "I'm all right but I'm not so sure about *them*!"

For instance, you've read there was some actor that once said about me that kissing me was like kissing Hitler. Well, I think that's *his* problem. If I have to do intimate love scenes with somebody who really has these kind of feelings toward me, then my fantasy can come into play. In other words, out with him, in with my fantasy. He was never there.

But one thing about fame is the bigger the people are or the simpler the people are, the more they are not awed by you! They don't feel they have to insult you. You can meet Carl Sandburg and he is so pleased to meet you. He wants to know about you and you want to know about him. Not in any way has he ever let me down. Or else you can meet working people who want to know what is it like. You try to explain to them. I don't like to disillusion them and tell them it's sometimes nearly impossible. They kind of look toward you for something that's away from their everyday life. I guess you call that entertainment, a world to escape into, a fantasy. Sometimes it makes you a little bit sad because you'd like to meet somebody kind of on face value. It's nice to be included in people's fantasies, but you also like to be accepted for your own sake.

I don't look at myself as a commodity, but I'm sure a lot of people have. Including, well, one corporation in particular which shall be nameless. If I'm sounding picked on or something, I think



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I am. I'll think I have a few wonderful friends and all of a sudden, ooh, here it comes. They do a lot of things—they talk about you to the press, to their friends, tell stories, and you know, it's disappointing. These are the ones you aren't interested in seeing every day of your life.

Of course, it *does* depend on the people, but sometimes I'm invited places to kind of brighten up a dinner table, like a musician who'll play the piano after dinner, and I know you're not really invited for yourself. You're just an ornament.

When I was five—I think that's when I started wanting to be an actress—I loved to play. I didn't like the world around me because it was kind of grim—but I loved to play house and it was like you could make your own boundaries. It goes beyond house—you could make your own situations and you could pretend and even if the other kids were a little slow on the imagining part you could say, "Hey, what if you were such and such and I were such and such. Wouldn't that be fun?" And they'd say, "Oh, yes," and then I'd say, "Well, that will be a horse and this will be—" It was play, playfulness. When I heard this was acting, I said that's what I want to be—you can play. But then you grow up and find out about playing, that they make playing very difficult for you.

Some of my foster families used to send me to the movies to get me out of the house and there I'd sit all day and way into the night—up in front, there with the screen so big, a little kid all alone, and I loved it. I loved anything that moved up there and I didn't miss anything that happened—and there was no popcorn either.

When I was 11 the whole world, which was always closed to me—I just felt like I was on the outside of the world—suddenly, everything opened up. Even the girls paid a little attention to me just because they thought, "Hmmm, she's to be dealt with!" And I had this long walk to school—2½ miles to school, 2½ miles back—it was just sheer pleasure. Every fellow honked his horn—you know, workers driving to work, waving, and I'd wave back. The world became friendly.

All the newspaper boys, when they delivered the paper, would come around to where I lived, and I used to hang from a limb of a tree, and I had sort of a sweatshirt on—I didn't realize the value of a sweatshirt in those days—and then I was sort of beginning to catch on, but I didn't quite get it because I couldn't really afford sweaters. But here they'd come with their bicycles, you know, and I'd get these free papers and the family liked that, and they'd all pull their bicycles up around the tree and then I'd be hanging, looking kind of like a monkey, I guess. I was a little shy to come down. I did get down to the curb, kinda kicking the curb and kicking the leaves and talking, but mostly listening.

And sometimes the families used to worry because I used to laugh so loud; I guess they felt it was hysterical. It was just this sudden freedom because I would ask the boys, "Can I ride your bike now?" And they'd say, "Sure." Then I'd go zooming, laughing in the wind, riding down the block, laughing, and they'd all stand around and wait till I came back, but I loved the wind. It caressed me.

But it was kind of a double-edged thing. I did find, too, when the world opened up that people took a lot for granted, like not only could they be friendly, but they could get suddenly overly friendly and expect an awful lot for very little.

When I was older, I used to go to Grauman's Chinese Theater and try to fit my foot in the prints in the cement there. And I'd say, "Oh, oh, my foot's too big, I guess, that's out." I did have a funny feeling later when I finally put my foot down into that wet cement. I sure knew what it really meant to me—anything's possible, almost.

It was the creative part that kept me going—trying to be an actress. I enjoy acting when you really hit it right. And I guess I've always had too much fantasy to be only a housewife. Well, also, I had to eat. I was never kept, to be blunt about it. I always kept myself. I have

"I was never kept. I always kept myself. I have pride in the fact I was on my own"

always had a pride in the fact that I was on my own. And Los Angeles was my home, too, so when they said, "Go home!" I said, "I am home."

The time when I sort of began to think I was famous I was driving somebody to the airport and as I came back there was this movie house and I saw my name in lights. I pulled the car up at a distance down the street—it was too much to take up close, you know—all of a sudden. And I said, "God, somebody's made a mistake." But there it was in lights. And I sat there and said, "So that's the way it looks," and it was all very strange to me, and yet at the studio they had said, "Remember you're not a star." Yet there it is up in lights.

I really got the idea I must be a star, or *something*, from the newspapermen—I'm saying men, not the women—who would interview me and they would be warm and friendly. By the way, the men of the press, unless they have their own personal quirks against me, they were always very warm and friendly and they'd say, "You know, you're the only star," and I'd say, "Star?" and they'd look at me as if I were nuts. I think they, in their own way, made me realize I was famous.

I remember when I got the part in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Jane Russell—she was the brunette in it and I was the blonde—she got \$200,000 for it and I got my \$500 a week, but that to me was, you know, considerable. She, by the way, was quite wonderful to me. The only thing was I couldn't get a dressing room. I said, finally—I really got to this kind of level—I said, "Look, after all, I am the blonde and it is *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*!" Because still they always kept saying, "Remember, you're not a star." I said, "Well, whatever I am, I am the blonde!"

And I want to say that the people—if I am a star—the people made me a star—no studio, no person, but the people did. There was a reaction that came to the studio, the fan mail, or when I went to a premiere, or the exhibitors wanted to meet me. I didn't know why. When they all rushed toward me I looked behind me to see who was there and I said, "My heavens!" I was scared to death. I used to get the feeling, and sometimes I still get it, that sometimes I was fooling somebody. I don't know who or what—maybe myself.



I've always felt toward the slightest scene—even if all I had to do in a scene was just to come in and say, "Hi," that the people ought to get their money's worth and that this is an obligation of mine, to give them the best you can get from me. I do have feelings some days when there are some scenes with a lot of responsibility towards the meaning, and I'll wish, gee, if only I would have been a cleaning woman. On the way to the studio I would see somebody cleaning and I'd say, "That's what I'd like to be. That's my ambition in life." But I think all actors go through this. We not only *want* to be good; we have to be.

You know, when they talk about nervousness—my teacher, Lee Strasberg—when I said to him, "I don't know what's wrong with me, but I'm a little nervous," he said, "When you're not, give up, because nervousness indicates sensitivity."

Also, a struggle with shyness is in every actor more than anyone can imagine. There is a censor inside us that says to what degree do we let go, like a child playing. I guess people think we just go out there, and you know, that's all we do—just do it. But it's a real struggle. I'm one of the world's most self-conscious people. I really have to struggle.

An actor is not a machine, no matter how much they want to say you are. Creativity has got to start with humanity and when you're a human being, you feel, you suffer—you're gay, you're sick, you're nervous or whatever. Like any creative human being, I *would* like a bit more control so that it would be a little easier for me when the director says, "One tear, right now," that one tear would pop out. But once there came two tears because I thought, "How dare he?"

oethe said, "Talent is developed in privacy," you know? And it's really true. There is a need for aloneness, which I don't think most people realize, for an actor. It's almost having certain kinds of secrets for yourself that you'll let the whole world in on only for a moment, when you're acting.

But everybody is always tugging at you. They'd all like sort of a chunk of you. They kind of like take pieces out of you. I don't think they realize it, but it's like "rrr do this, rrr do that." But you do want to stay intact—intact and on two feet.

I think that when you are famous every weakness is exaggerated. This industry should behave like a mother whose child has just run out in front of a car. But instead of clapping the child to them, they start punishing the child. Like you don't dare get a cold—how dare you get a cold! The executives can get colds and stay home forever, but how dare you, the actor, get a cold. You know, no one feels worse than the one who's sick. I sometimes wish, gee, I wish they had to act a comedy with a temperature and a virus infection. I am not an actress who appears at a studio just for the purpose of discipline. This doesn't have anything to do with art. I myself would like to become more disciplined within my work. But I'm there to give a performance and not to be disciplined by a studio! After all, I'm not in a military school. This is supposed to be an art form, not just a manufacturing establishment.

The sensitivity that helps me to act also makes me react. An actor is supposed to be a sensitive instrument. Isaac Stern takes good care of his violin. What if everybody jumped on his violin?

If you've noticed in Hollywood where millions and billions of dollars have been made, there aren't really any kind of monuments or museums, and I don't call putting your footprint in Grauman's Chinese a monument—all right, this did mean a lot to sentimental ballyhoo me at the time. Gee, nobody left anything behind, they took it, they grabbed it and they ran—the ones who made the billions of dollars, never the workers.

You know a lot of people have, oh gee, real quirky problems that they wouldn't dare have anyone know. But one of my problems happens to show—I'm late. I guess people think that why I'm late is some kind of arrogance and I think it is the opposite. I also feel I'm not in this big American rush—you know, you got to go and you got to go fast but for no good reason. The main thing is, I do want to be prepared when I get there to give a good performance to the best of my ability.

A lot of people can be there on time and do nothing, which I have seen them do, and you know, all sit around and sort of chitchatting and talking trivia about their social life. Gable said about me, "When she's there, she's there. All of her is there! She's there to work."

I was honored when they asked me to appear at the President's birthday rally in Madison Square Garden. There was like a hush over the whole place when I came on to sing "Happy Birthday"—like if I had been wearing a slip I would have thought it was showing, or something. I thought, "Oh, my gosh, what if no sound comes out!"

A hush like that from the people warms me. It's sort of like an embrace. Then you think, "By God, I'll sing if it's the last thing I ever do. And for all the people." Because I remember when I turned to the microphone, I looked all the way up and back and I thought, "That's where I'd be—way up there under one of those rafters, close to the ceiling, after I paid my \$2 to come into the place."

Afterwards they had some sort of a reception. I was with my former father-in-law, Isidore Miller, so I think I did something wrong when I met the President. Instead of saying, "How do you do?" I just said, "This is my former father-in-law, Isidore Miller." He came here an immigrant, and I thought this would be one of the biggest things in his life—he's about 75 or 80 years old and I thought this would be something that he would be telling his grandchildren about and all that. I



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“Fame is not what fulfills you. It warms you a bit, but the warming is temporary”

should have said, “How do you do, Mr. President,” but I had already done the singing, so, well, you know. I guess nobody noticed it.”

Fame has a special burden, which I might as well state here and now. I don't mind being burdened with being glamorous and sexual. I feel that beauty and femininity are ageless and can't be contrived, and glamour cannot be manufactured. Not real glamour, it's based on femininity. I think that sexuality is only attractive when it's natural and spontaneous. This is where a lot of them miss the boat. We are all born sexual creatures, thank God, but it's a pity so many people despise and crush this natural gift. Art, real art, comes from it—everything.

I never quite understood it—this sex symbol—I always thought symbols were those things you clash together! That's the trouble, a sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate to be a thing. But if I'm going to be a symbol of something I'd rather have it sex than some other things they've got symbols of! These girls who try to be me—I guess the studios put them up to it, or they get the ideas themselves. But gee, they haven't—you can make a lot of gags about it—like they haven't got the foreground or else they haven't the background. But I mean the middle, where you live.

All my stepchildren carried the burden of my fame. Sometimes they would read terrible things about me and I'd worry about whether it would hurt them. I would tell them, don't hide these things from me. I'd rather you ask me these things straight out and I'll answer all your questions. Don't be afraid to ask anything. After all I have come up from way down.

I used to tell them, for instance, that I worked for five cents a month and I washed one hundred dishes, and my stepkids would say, “One hundred dishes!” and I said, “Not only that, I scraped and cleaned them before I washed them. I washed them and rinsed them and put them in the draining place, but,” I said, “thank God I didn't have to dry them.”

Fame to me certainly is only a temporary and a partial happiness—even for a waif and I was brought up a waif. But fame is not really for a daily diet, that's not what fulfills you. It warms you a bit but the warming is temporary. It's like caviar but not when you have to have it every meal.

I was never used to being happy, so that wasn't something I ever took for granted. I did sort of think, you know, marriage did that. You see, I was brought up differently from the average American child because the average child is brought up expecting to be happy—that's it, successful, happy and on time. Yet because of fame I was able to meet and marry two of the nicest men I'd ever met up to that time.

I don't think people will turn against me, at least not by themselves. I like people I trust. Maybe they can be impressed by the press or when a studio starts sending out all kinds of stories. But I think when people go to see a movie, they judge for themselves. We human beings are strange creatures and still reserve the right to think for ourselves.

Once I was supposed to be finished—that was the end of me. When Mr. Miller was on trial for contempt of Congress, a certain corporation executive said either he named names and I got him to name names, or I was finished. I said, “I'm proud of my husband's position and I stand behind him all the way,” and the court did too. “Finished,” they said. “You'll never be heard of.”

It might be kind of a relief to be finished. It's sort of like I don't know what kind of a yard dash you're running, but then you're at the finish line and you sort of sigh—you've made it! But you never have—you have to start all over again. But I believe you're always as good as your potential.

I now live in my work and in a few relationships with the few people I can really count on. Fame will go by and, so long, I've had you, fame. If it goes by, I've always known it was fickle. So at least it's something I experienced, but that's not where I live. □

Tab L

Esquire

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1973

VOLUME LXXX No. 1 WHOLE No. 476

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE AMERICAN WOMAN

ARTICLES

Foremothers	Sara Davidson	71
What Turns Women On?	Germaine Greer	88
Julia	Lillian Hellman	95
Marilyn Monroe's Last Picture Show	Walter Bernstein	104
Men Don't Know Nuthin' 'Bout Birthin' Babies	Barbara Grizzuti Harrison	109
Getting Clout	Susan and Martin Tolehin	112
Reflections in a Father's Eye	Otto Friedrich	116
The Man Women Want Walks Softly and Carries a Gourd	Julie Baumgold	128

OVERVIEWS

302 Women Who Are Cute When They're Mad	81
The Women's Liberation Establishment	82
When Did You Begin To Take the Women's Movement Seriously?	102

FICTION

The Lover	Joy Williams	119
-----------	--------------	-----

PICTURED ESSAYS

Five Days that Shook Up the World	Judy Klemesrud	76
The Out to Lunch Bunch	Linda Charlton	84
Purse Snatchers	Anne Raymo	92
Portrait of Heaven		94
Sins of the Fathers		122
What If... Gloria Steinem Were Miss America?		132

WEARABLES

A Fashion Affair	134
Breezy Black	136
Beach Black	138
Salty Black	140

DEPARTMENTS

Publisher's Page: Seventh annual "Business in the Arts" awards	6
The Sound and the Fury	10
Recordings	Martin Mayer
Fiction	Rust Hills
Books	Malcolm Muggeridge
Women	Nora Ephron
Backstage with Esquire	51
Sports	Jonathan Segal
Travel Notes	Richard Joseph
Hanging Out	Robert Alan Aurthur
Present Shock	David M. Rorvik
Poetry	173
Talking Shop	181

Picture Credits: see page 174

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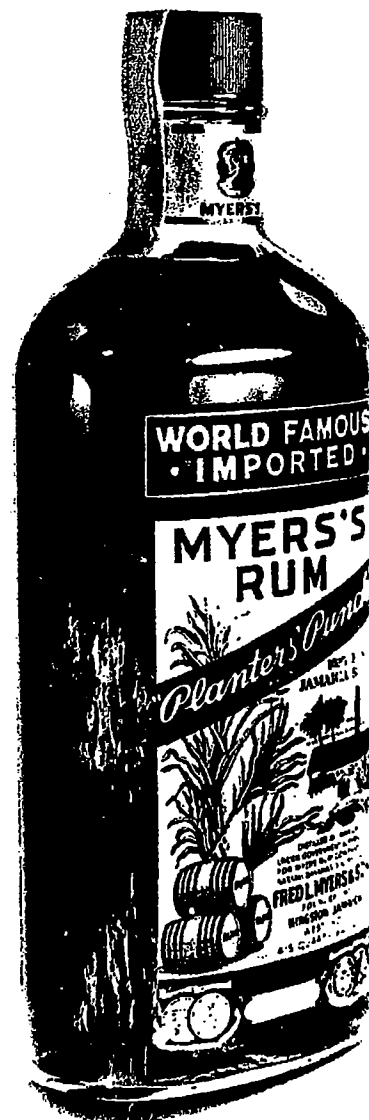
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Marilyn Monroe's Last Picture Show

by Walter Bernstein

"Next to her," said the assistant director, "Lucrezia Borgia was a pussycat"



Now that Marilyn Monroe is well on the way to becoming symbol and myth, I think of the short time I knew her as actress and star. I never got to know her well, but I did see her in action, working or trying to work, and that is a not insignificant way to know something of someone, even if it does not add to the mythology. It started on a warm, smoggy afternoon in the Spring of 1962, when I reported to the Twentieth Century-Fox studio in Hollywood, California, as the scriptwriter on a motion picture called *Something's Got to Give*. The star of the picture was to be Marilyn Monroe; the costar was Dean Martin; and the picture itself was based on a successful comedy made by R.K.O. in 1939 and called *My Favorite Wife*. The stars of that film were Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. However, after buying the old picture in order to remake it, Fox had decided they did not want to remake it. Instead, they would take its basic premise—the unexpected return of a wife, presumed dead for seven years, on the day her husband has remarried—and construct an entirely new story. Six writers, individually and in tandem, had labored in succession to do this, and finally a script was approved. On the basis of this script, sets were built, actors signed to iron-clad contracts and a starting date set for actual production. Two weeks before that date, I was hired to rewrite the script. By that time, the story costs alone were over three hundred thousand dollars, but Twentieth Century-Fox was a company that had lost twenty-two million in 1961, and its executives then were not easily awed by figures. To balance this expense, they were getting Miss Monroe on an old commitment for only one hundred thousand dollars, much less than her usual salary. Also, she had lost fifteen pounds and everyone said she looked better than she had in years. She had approved the leading man, the director, the cameraman, the clothes designer and the hairdresser. She did not have script approval, but she did not seem to want it. The latest script had been written by an old and canny Hollywood hand, brought in at Miss Monroe's request, and she approved of him. Although underpaid, she was eager to work. A cautious optimism seemed justified.

Twentieth Century-Fox had always been considered one of the choicer movie studios at which to work, not because of the work itself,

which was no different from that turned out by other studios, but because of the ambience. The grounds were spacious, the offices pleasant, the studio restaurant served uncommonly good food at reasonable prices and there was a huge back lot to explore, with a complete small town and a decaying Southern mansion and even an artificial lake with banks where a writer could lie and read and take a nap. There were always several movies being shot at any one time and the streets flowed with pirates and dancing girls and cowboys and Indians, and the air vibrated with that special sense of childhood excitement peculiar to a movie studio. But when I arrived, the streets of the studio were empty and quiet. A stillness hung in the air; it was like a tropical town during siesta. I went first to the office bungalow assigned to the director, George Cukor. I had worked with Cukor before and looked forward to working with him again. He was a man then in his early sixties, fussy and stimulating, with a record of many distinguished films and a youthful capacity for approaching each new film as if it were his first. His pictures had great style and he was full of an invigorating, malicious wit. With him was Gene Allen, the associate producer and art director. Allen looked exactly like what he had once been, a Los Angeles cop. He had a round, friendly, Irish face that became instantly suspicious at any sign of malfeasance. People who did not know him were often surprised to find this housing a sensitive taste and a first-rate talent. Our reunion was pleasant, and Cukor suggested that I see the old movie before anything else, and then read the latest script, and then we would meet with the producer and decide what had to be done.

I saw the old movie in a studio projection room, sitting alone in the dark and marveling at a kind of comedy that does not come out of this country anymore. It was adult farce, neither overproduced nor self-satisfied, clever without being cheap, performed by actors whose ages matched the parts they played, and fearless in its mixture of lunacy and sentiment. Afterward, I read the script that was to be shot, and then met with Cukor, Allen and the producer, a sallow, pudgy young man named Henry T. Weinstein. He was a staff producer for Fox who had been assigned to the picture, I was told, because he was a friend of Miss Monroe's psychoanalyst. Since the main job of any producer of a

Monroe picture was to get Miss Monroe to work on time, the studio felt this was a vital connection. Weinstein was a man incapable of being still. Throughout our meeting, he paced anxiously before an invisible wailing wall, a cigarette always in a corner of his mouth, ashes flaking on his chest, his voice rising and falling, since Weinstein did not talk, he supplicated. His manner was that of a boy on his way to the principal's office to be punished. His face shone with a kind of eager worry, as though he knew he deserved the terrible things that were going to happen to him. He was very anxious that I not make too many changes in the script. He thought it just needed a little polishing here and there. Cukor thought it needed to be rewritten from beginning to end. He was in favor of restoring as much of the old movie as possible, on the theory that no one had yet managed to improve upon it and, in any case, there was no time left to try. I suggested one change that involved doing this, and Weinstein shook his head. "Marilyn won't play it that way," he said positively. I asked him why not. "That way, when the wife comes back and finds the husband married again, she goes off to stop the honeymoon, right?" he said. "Well, she says Marilyn Monroe doesn't chase after a man. The man chases after her." I suggested that, since Miss Monroe did not have script approval, we make the change anyway. "You don't understand," Weinstein said. "Marilyn doesn't need script approval. If she doesn't like something, she just doesn't show up."

Later that afternoon, Allen took me to see the first set that had been built. He had designed it as a replica of Cukor's own home, complete with garden and swimming pool. I have always been awed by the miracles that movie technicians can pass. Built in the center of the huge, dim, cavernous sound stage, the house was both real and magical, a doll's house grown to proper size. Allen took me through the rooms. They seemed entirely normal, the furnishings smart and modern, enclosed by proper walls. But when I looked up, there was no ceiling, only a network of cables and catwalks and a bank of great spotlights staring impassively down at me. We went outside to the garden, where workmen were painting the pool and spraying the shrubbery to make it look greener. The cameraman, a gentle, soft-spoken European named Franz Planer, moved among them with

quiet assurance, testing the light. Occasionally he would speak softly to the chief electrician, who would call up to another man high above the set, and a spotlight would be dimmed or heightened. The scene seemed chaotic, but none of the activity was without purpose. Everyone knew what he was doing. Then, from one of the rooms upstairs, we heard voices and a man's voice raised suddenly above the others. "But how do you get the camera in here?" the voice asked peevishly. "The doors are too narrow!" One of the painters had stopped to listen and now shook his head. "The silly son of a bitch don't even know the walls move out," he said. I asked Allen whom the voice belonged to. "Mr. Levathes," he said. "The head of the studio." We left the set and went to sit in Cukor's mobile dressing room in a corner of the stage. We were joined by the assistant director, a jovial and muscular man with the face of a shrewd Sioux. His name was David Hall, but everyone called him Buck. He had been the assistant director on several pictures starring Miss Monroe. She had failed to enchant him. "Next to her," he said with feeling, "Lucrezia Borgia was a pussycat." Hall was not impressed by what others considered her vulnerability. All he could see was that she always got her own way. Like the rest of the crew, he thought the shooting schedule of forty-seven days a big joke, designed to impress the stockholders. "We'll be lucky if we finish in eighty," he said. He offered a prediction as to how the picture would start. "She'll get sick and miss most of the first week," he said. "So we shoot around her and maybe she comes in Friday and we get one shot of her about three in the afternoon. But that's too much for her. It only makes her sick again, so she's out half the next week." He thought for a moment. "All the next week." He thought they would get the first real scene with her the start of the third week.

I talked with Hall and Allen for a while and then returned to my office. My secretary was on the telephone. She was a tiny, determined woman named Dolly who had been at Fox for twenty years and knew everything. I was already afraid of her. She had been the secretary for two of the previous writers on the script and, in addition, had a very high opinion of the writer I was following. "I don't see

how they could get anyone better than him," she had informed me when we first met. Later, she had said to me suspiciously, "You're not a gamin, are you? Because they certainly don't need a gagman on this script." I had said I wasn't a gagman, but she seemed only partially mollified. Now, as I passed through her office into mine, I could hear her on the phone, saying, "Well, I'm back on *Something's Got to Give*." As I closed the connecting door, she was saying, "No, I don't know for how long. I don't know yet how long this one's going to be around."

I worked the next week on scenes that Cukor and I agreed should be rewritten. I discovered that the atmosphere of siesta I had felt upon arrival was the normal activity of the studio. Even when I came in one Sunday, there seemed no difference between the studio closed and the studio open. Very little moved; the streets were empty; the buildings sat heavy and quiet in the sun. One afternoon, I took a walk to the back lot, but there was no back lot. It had been sold for a housing development. There was only a vast expanse of dirt where the small town and the lake and the Southern mansion had been. I stood at the fence that had been erected to separate progress from illusion and watched a fleet of bulldozers leveling the dirt. They were moving away and their drivers could not be seen through the haze of dust they raised. The machines seemed self-sufficient, even alive, and it seemed as if it were their own option where they would go and what they would level. Most of the time, I just went between Cukor's office and my own. We worked together, often with the help of Gene Allen, taking what we could from the old movie, adding what we could of our own, and the result slowly became a script that we thought was warm and funny. We made the change that Miss Monroe might construe as making her a pursuer of men, and we were pleased that it seemed to work so well. There was no reason why it shouldn't, since it had worked so well in the old picture. No one bothered us.

Each day, Weinstein would call to ask how many pages I had written, but his chief preoccupation was Miss Monroe. She had announced that she was going to New York for the weekend. She wanted to see a drama teacher named Lee Strasberg and work with him before starting the picture. No one wanted her to go; it was considered risky

to let her out of sight. Cukor remonstrated with her gently, but he had no power to dissuade her. The studio had the power, and I was in Cukor's office when Levathes called and announced firmly that Miss Monroe would not be allowed to go to New York, certainly not a week before shooting. Friday morning, Weinstein called me and said Miss Monroe was arriving to see Cukor for a script conference and would I please be there? She was to be there at ten. I was there at ten and so were Cukor and Allen and Weinstein. Miss Monroe arrived at twelve, breathless and apologetic. She was on her way to the airport. She knew the studio disapproved, but she felt that no one would really mind her little trip to New York. "I'm just going, you know, to oil the machinery," she said. She was dressed in a flowered-print shirt and black slacks, and she wore high-heeled beige sandals and a bandanna around her hair and sunglasses, which she took off to show us her eyes, red and weepy from eye treatments she was taking. She was in good humor and full of energy, a trait I had not associated with her. Her enthusiasm seemed spontaneous, and she included everyone in it. She was not glamorous; she was not even very pretty; but her appeal was genuine, a child's appeal, sweet and disarming. But when I demurred at one of her suggestions, her smile turned frosty at the edges. "Don't be such a writer," she said impatiently. Her main suggestion for the script was that her character be made more exciting. Everyone agreed that the suggestion was sound. The meeting did not last long. After about half an hour, the studio doctor came to give her a vitamin injection. With him was Buck Hall. Miss Monroe went into an inner office with the doctor, and nobody said anything for a moment, and then Cukor said, "Mind you, I like her." "Oh, she really wants to do the picture," Weinstein said vigorously. Miss Monroe returned, rolling down her sleeve, and said a gay farewell. We all wished her a good trip. No one tried to discourage her going; there seemed no point in trying. When she had gone, the doctor said he had been treating her since she was a minor actress at the studio and had not seen her in such high spirits for years. "She's way up," he said. Weinstein beamed, happy to be confirmed. "Whatever goes up, comes down," Buck Hall said darkly.

But Miss Monroe returned Sunday night, as she had said she

would. I assumed the studio would be reassured, but Weinstein called me Monday in a state of some agitation. "Lee Strasberg likes the script," he said, horrified. I asked him which script. "The one we're changing," he said. "He just thinks it needs more jokes." I said that was not what it needed and he agreed quickly, but said this was now a factor to be reckoned with, since Mr. Strasberg was a sort of guru to Miss Monroe. Then he said that Levathes had received the first batch of rewritten pages and had called him in and yelled at him: that I was changing too much of the script. I had been hired to polish, not to disembowel. The criticism puzzled me. I had changed very little in that first batch. Most of it was copied straight from the previous script. "Well, he's screaming they're all blue pages," Weinstein said. It can't be clear then. Levathes had not read the pages. He had just seen them mimeographed on blue paper, where the previous script had been on white paper, and he had assumed that a new color must mean new words. No one had explained to him that, according to studio custom, my draft of the script, no matter if it were a verbatim copy of the former draft, would all be on blue paper. "You're sure you're not changing too much?" Weinstein asked nervously. He was growing more apprehensive as the time came for Miss Monroe to start work. He tried bravely to conceal this with an assured manner that formed an interesting contrast to the beads of sweat that suddenly stood out on his face whenever the star's name was mentioned. His fears were understandable. He had placed his head in the mouth of a lioness whose appetite he had thought sated. Now, as lunchtime approached, he was not so sure.

By the end of the week, some forty pages of final script had been written, rewritten, approved, mimeographed on fresh blue paper and delivered to all concerned with the production. The next day, Miss Monroe requested a meeting with Cukor. Gene Allen was also present, and afterward he came to my office with the script restored the way Miss Monroe wanted it. Our changes had been unacceptable to her. She wished her character to meet her husband by coincidence, rather than by running after him. A scene I had inserted from the old picture, in which she met her children after

seven years, was also unacceptable. The children in that scene treated her coolly, since she was a stranger to them. Miss Monroe wanted to win them over at once, without even having to tell them she was their mother. I thought the result for the picture would be disastrous. So did Allen. He said Cukor had tried his best to convince her, but she had been sweetly adamant. I called Weinstein, but he said I didn't understand. "She can't stand rejection," he explained. I hung up and went to see Cukor. He had taken the matter to Levathes, who had given him no support at all. So long as the changes Miss Monroe requested did not involve major reconstruction, such as the building of new sets, the studio was willing to give them to her. Cukor was already preparing for the future. "Mind you, I like her," he kept saying. We talked for a while, trying to convince ourselves that her changes were not as fundamental as we thought. When I left, I had a headache that started at the base of my skull and ended just behind my eyes.

Shooting was to start at nine o'clock on the following Monday morning. I arrived at the studio a little after nine and went directly to the set. Miss Monroe was not there. I saw Buck Hall and he said she was not going to be there. "She's sick," he said. He was not smiling; now that production had started, jokes were dangerous. Weinstein was pacing around the pool, looking ready to jump in. He seemed taken by surprise, not by what had happened, but how it was done. "She caught a cold from Lee Strasberg," he said incredulously. He had black circles around his eyes. "I didn't sleep all weekend," he said. "I was on the phone with her. Two, three, four in the morning. My wife is ready to divorce me." I asked him where her analyst was and he said the analyst was going to Europe. "And it's not even August," he said bitterly. He seemed to take it as a personal betrayal. He said Dean Martin was in his dressing room, ready for work, and Cukor was in his dressing room with Levathes, figuring out what work was ready. They came out finally. Levathes a dark, well-groomed, nervous man, biting his lip as he hurried away. Cukor called Buck Hall over and said they would take reaction shots of Dean Martin today and start the next day with scenes that did not involve Miss Monroe. The studio doctor had seen her and she did have a fever. She would probably not be in for the rest of

the week. Hall nodded and went to give instructions to the crew. I went to my office to start writing those scenes.

Miss Monroe did not come in that week or the following week. Cukor shot scenes involving Dean Martin. Cyd Charisse, who played the other woman, and other actors. Everyone came on time and worked hard and professionally. Martin's indolence concealed, for his own purposes, a talented and cooperative actor. Miss Charisse was friendly and beautiful. Bulletins were issued daily on Miss Monroe's condition. Her fever was slowly sinking; it was now below a hundred degrees, but she still did not feel well. "What do you expect?" the studio doctor asked. "She's got one doctor treating her eyes, so they hurt. Then she's got another one for her nose, so that hurts. Why should she feel well?" Weinstein scurried between the patient and the studio, bearing information and relaying wishes. Miss Monroe wanted to know the color of Miss Charisse's hair. "She's convinced Cyd wants to be a blonde like her," Weinstein said. He had assured her that Miss Charisse was wearing her hair in its natural color, which was light brown, but he had not gotten far. "Her unconscious wants it blonde," Miss Monroe had said knowingly. Miss Charisse's hair was checked for any telltale glints and, just to be safe, the light-brown hair of the actress playing the housekeeper, a woman in her fifties, was darkened a shade or two. Once, Weinstein arrived on the set with a small, dumpy woman wearing large, black-rimmed glasses and a black shawl over her head. She looked like a matronly Russian witch. Weinstein introduced her as Paula Strasberg, wife of Lee Strasberg, and personal drama coach to Miss Monroe. Later, he came back alone and said with great relief, "Paula liked the set!" He spoke as if the set would have had to be dismantled if Mrs. Strasberg had not liked it. He also told me that, since Marilyn read all the scenes, any reference to Miss Charisse as beautiful, seductive or desirable should be excised, along with any indication that Dean Martin, playing the husband of both these alluring ladies, was even for a moment attracted to anyone but Miss Monroe. No matter how lunatic her demands, they were met with dispatch and even optimism, based mainly on the fact that her illness seemed purely physical. "She's really got an infection," Levathes told Cukor happily. "It can't be psychological. It's a germ." The

implication was that, once cured, Miss Monroe would race through the picture, saving the studio's money with her speed. Usually, Miss Monroe's orders were issued through Weinstein, who would credit the source, but sometimes they came through Levathes, who had the studio's face to save, and so would offer them as suggestions of his own. This enraged Cukor, since most of these suggestions had already been conveyed to him personally by Miss Monroe. "Mind you," Cukor said to me, after Levathes had suggested that perhaps the script needed more jokes, "I would not care if they said the only way to make this picture was to lie down and let her walk all over us. That, at least, would be honest. But the *lying*! The *indecent*!" The pretence seemed to bother him more than the situation. He kept trying to get Levathes to admit that, so far as our picture was concerned, Twentieth Century-Fox was actually being run by the Strasbergs. He did not succeed. "I am the executive producer of this picture," Levathes told him firmly. "Weinstein is the producer and you are the director. Marilyn does *not* have script approval." But a new procedure was developed to save time. I was to meet daily with Weinstein and the story editor, a man named Straus. Weinstein would already have been in touch with Miss Monroe and would know what she wanted. I was to write the scenes with her needs in mind and show them to Cukor. His revisions would then be incorporated and the result would be what was shot. No other changes would be made. Authority would rest safely in executive hands, where it belonged. Cukor thought it might save even more time if the writer met directly with Miss Monroe. Everyone thought this was a fine idea. Toward the end of the second week of shooting, Weinstein burst on the set with heady news. Miss Monroe's temperature was down to ninety-eight point eight, only two tenths of a degree above normal. "I get a higher fever than that walking up the stairs," Buck Hall muttered. Her doctor would not commit himself, but there was a chance she might come to work on Monday.

That Sunday afternoon, I went to Miss Monroe's home for a story conference. She had recently bought a Mexican-style house, pleasant and unpretentious. She met me at the door, her hair in curlers, her face pale from her confinement. Her manner was friendly, but she seemed to have little energy. Her

smile was wan. She apologized for the bareness of the house; she had bought furniture in Mexico, which had not yet arrived. The lying room contained only one chair and she insisted I sit in it. She sat on the floor, her script before her on a low coffee table, and we went over several of the scenes. She was very shy about her own suggestions, as though she felt they were unworthy. But she had obviously been working on her part and, like a good actor, had found insights that improved the character she played. On the other hand, also like an actor, many of her ideas were good for her and not so good for the story. But if I hinted at this, her face would go blank for a second, as though the current had been turned off, and when it was turned on again, she would continue as though I had said nothing at all, not disagreeing with me, not even referring to what I had said, simply going on with what followed. I had met this reaction before. It is the normal, uncomplicated self-involvement of the movie star. It stems from a splendid and incorruptible narcissism. Sometimes she would refer to herself in the third person, like Caesar. "Remember you've got Marilyn Monroe," she said, when she wanted to wear a bikini in one scene. "You've got to use her." Her manner was at once tentative, apologetic and intransigent. We spent an amiable few hours. She delighted in acting out her part, particularly the moments when she was supposed to use a Swedish accent. She had been practicing with a special teacher and she did the accent with charming accuracy. She was very pleased with my applause. We discussed nothing that could not have been handled easier on the set. The meeting was pointless, except to reinforce her authority. Before I left, she offered me Mexican beer and showed me around the house. Then we went out into the garden and she showed me where she was going to plant trees. She was proud of the house; it evidently meant a great deal to her. She was eager that it be liked. I left feeling like a deckhand on a ship with no one at the helm and the water ahead full of rocks.

She came to work on Monday, almost on time, and Cukor was able to get a few silent shots of her by the end of the day. But Weinstein reported gloomily that her temperature was up to ninety-nine point two. "That takes care of the rest of the week," Buck Hall said. But he was wrong this time. She was too

sick to report the next day, but later that week, as I drove in to work one morning, the guard at the gate shouted, "She's back! She's back!" Martin and Cyd Charisse were waiting on the set, costumed and ready to work. Miss Monroe was still in her dressing room. I said to Miss Charisse that at last we would get some scenes with our three principals. "Don't be so sure," she said. After an hour of waiting, Weinstein trudged into view, shaking his head like a fighter who has just been knocked out, but still cannot believe it. "She went home," he said, baffled. His eyes were a little wild. Miss Monroe had arrived, all right, only to discover that Dean Martin had a cold. She had refused to work with him and had gone home, deaf to medical testimony that he was no longer contagious. Martin was furious. He stood in front of his dressing room, swinging a golf club and muttering. Weinstein rallied fast. "You don't understand," he told anyone who would listen. "Her resistance is still very low." Cukor shot more scenes without her. By this time, we were running out of those scenes. Nobody wanted to face what would happen when we finally did run out. But she returned to work on Monday and worked until Wednesday. Then she announced she was leaving for New York the next day to appear at a birthday rally for President Kennedy. No one really believed she would be allowed to get away with this. Levathes came on the set to discuss it with Cukor. He wore the look of a permissive parent who had given his child a loaded gun to play with, and had then been shot with it. He looked disappointed in the child and in agony from the wound. But he announced firmly that Miss Monroe would certainly not be allowed to leave. Dean Martin had already rejected a similar invitation, saying he had to work.

She flew to New York on Thursday, promising to be back bright and early Monday morning. We worked that day and the next on the dwindling stock of scenes without her. Cukor was increasingly worried about those scenes. They had been hastily written and inadequately rehearsed. "I don't know what anyone else will see," he said, after watching the completed scenes on the screen, "but it's clear to me that the director doesn't quite know what the hell he is doing." But he worked with humor and invention, a captain fighting a gallant rear-guard action in a battle already lost by the gen- (Continued on page 178)

MARILYN MONROE'S LAST PICTURE SHOW

(Continued from page 108) erals.

I was rather surprised by the feeling of the crew, who were quite open in their disgust. I had thought they would be grateful for the delays. There was much unemployment in the movie industry, then as now, and a longer schedule meant more money for them. Also, they were cynical men who did not really care what was in the movies they made. But they were certain and proud of their skill and they had been made to feel that this had no value; it was at the mercy of someone who could treat it only with disrespect. Curiously, they did not blame Miss Monroe. They did not like her, but she was a star, acting like a star. They did not expect her to be reasonable or even adjusted. But they had always worked in a time when craft, at least, had been respected, when performers performed, directors directed and producers produced. They did not want to accept that this time had passed, that what they were seeing was the logical consequence of an abdication that had begun years before, when the studios had first given up their power to actors. It was the end of an era. There was something grand about it, like witnessing the fall of the Roman Empire. People talked with nostalgia of the day when studios were run by movie-makers instead of lawyers and real-estate men. "Oh, you should have seen this place then!" my secretary would say. Her memories always went back to how good the food had been in the commissary. It seemed the basis of her pride in Twentieth Century-Fox. "The pastry!" she would exclaim. "The desserts that chef made! People came all the way from Warner's just to have lunch!" The chef was now cooking for another studio, where movies were made for television.

Miss Monroe kept her promise and returned to work on Monday and worked all that week. Mrs. Strasberg was always present when she did a scene. When it was done, Miss Monroe would look to her and Mrs. Strasberg would nod or shake her head to indicate whether she thought the scene was all right or should be done over. Between scenes, the two would consult together, both very serious, and then Miss Monroe would carry this seriousness back into the scene where, since the picture was a comedy, it did not always fit. She acted in a kind of slow motion that was hypnotic. Cukor thought now that she would not finish the picture. There was talk of replacing her, but the studio seemed paralyzed. No one seemed able to make a decision. I continued to meet in the mornings with Weinstein and Straus, a tired, intelligent man who tried to keep matters reasonable. The attempt was noble, but vain. None of us knew any longer what Miss Monroe wanted, only that she had to be pleased. She had turned on Weinstein and had stopped speaking to him. He was still trying to find out why, torn between relief and panic. In the meetings, he was thrown back on remembering what she had once said or guessing what she

might want. If he guessed wrong, he knew the tumbrels were waiting. He walked around with an acute pain in his back. "It'll hurt worse when you take the knife out," Buck Hall told him sympathetically.

But on the set, Miss Monroe was always shy and diffident with her suggestions. Once she came up to Cukor and asked permission to change a word. When it was granted, she clapped her hands in delight. She seemed thrilled that anyone would do this for her. Another time, she disliked a scene that had been extracted from the previous script at her insistence; it was the only scene in which she could wear a negligee. She felt no contradiction in first approving, then disapproving. She ruled with an appealing ambivalence. When Cukor suggested that all scenes be submitted to her for final approval, she was both pleased and reluctant. Half of her was saying she did not want this power that had been thrust upon her; she looked only for someone to take it away. The other half made it plain that she would kill anyone with it who tried. No one tried. Nobody cared anymore. There was a sense of the production grinding slowly to a halt. The machine was about to stop. Brts were made as to how long this would take. It took another two weeks. Miss Monroe worked during that time and everyone pretended nothing was going to happen. She did a scene in which she swam naked in the swimming pool and the studio was elated at the publicity, as though someday it actually would be used for a picture. She had a birthday party on the set, attended by photographers, and everyone embraced for the cameras. At the party, it was announced that she was making a personal appearance for charity that night in Chavez Ravine, the stadium of the Los Angeles Dodgers. "That does it," Buck Hall said. He was convinced, in some way he could not explain, that this was the end. The studio begged her not to go. She had been ill. The nights were damp and cold in California. If she really wanted to do something for charity, she should stay home and do it for Fox. That was on a Friday. She appeared personally that night and everyone said she looked wonderful, standing there at home plate. The following Monday, Mrs. Strasberg called Cukor and said Marilyn was sick again and could not appear. Cukor refused to shoot any more scenes without her. The next morning, her housekeeper called with the same message. Production shut down. But by then, enough scenes had been shot with Miss Monroe to give an idea of her performance. The picture rested on that. The only excuse the studio had over had was that finally they would have a Marilyn Monroe picture. Out of the sea of troubles, a Venus would arise in color and Cinemascope. The expense could only be justified by a picture that displayed Miss Monroe as the studio knew the public wanted to see her, sprightly and sexy and full of fun. Cukor saw all the film on her. He emerged shaken. A meeting was called

with Levathes and other executives. And what some had said should have happened long ago and others claimed would never happen at all finally did happen. Miss Monroe was fired. An actress named Lee Remick was hired to take her place. Weinstein called to tell me the news. He sounded like his old self. "You don't think you'll have to change too much, do you?" he asked anxiously. He was a producer again. I said I didn't know, and went over to Cukor's office. He was planning a new production schedule with Gene Allen and Buck Hall. The atmosphere was subdued. None of us felt pleased at what had happened, even though it meant that now our work might come to something. The studio had finally done something right, but nobody wanted to be on their side. Cukor and I discussed what scenes should be rewritten, since Miss Remick was not the same type as Miss Monroe, but that weekend it all became academic. Dean Martin quit the picture. His contract allowed him approval of the leading lady. He announced his respect for Miss Remick, but said he had signed to do a Marilyn Monroe picture and this was not now the case.

"But he couldn't stand what she was doing!" Weinstein cried, stricken. It seemed perfidy to him. It seemed to me the challenge of the Goths to the Romans. There was nothing the studio could do but pay Martin his salary of three hundred thousand dollars and let him go. The picture was then canceled. That same afternoon, everyone was given his notice, effective at six o'clock that evening. I was cleaning out my desk when Weinstein called. He wanted me to write the final scene of the picture, which had not yet been done. He said it would only take a day to write. I said I would do it if I were paid for the day. He was shocked at this. "You don't understand," he said reprovingly. "They don't have the money." I said good-bye and finished cleaning out my desk and then I said good-bye to my secretary. She said the secretaries in the administration building were worried about Levathes, who had started talking bop talk. She wished me luck and I went over to say good-bye to Cukor. He still thought Miss Monroe's actions were not calculated. "I must say I still like her," he said. "I think she really wanted to do the picture."

On the way out, I ran into Buck Hall, who said the final costs of the production would be around two million dollars. He said that the crew was taking an advertisement in the trade papers, thanking Marilyn Monroe and Dean Martin for putting them out of work. We shook hands then and I got into my car and drove slowly through the deserted streets, past the huge, silent, empty sound stages. The great doors of our set were open and workmen were already dismantling the replica of Cukor's house. I drove out the gate and looked over to the desert that was to become a housing development. The bulldozers were plowing toward the studio now, clumsy and slow and irresistible, and closer than before. #

Tab M

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

56 Pac

[illegible]

...and her attire, her neatly-groomed, short hairstyle, her intent blue eyes, her look-you-straight-in-the-eye approach, and the somewhat guarded expression that cracks into smiles when you joke or talk

Dr. Rowine Hayes Brown, chief of Cook County Children's Hospital, still finds time to visit patients. Children have been the center of her life for the last 25 years.



Marilyn: A woman with nesting instincts.

Marilyn's confidante

The woman M

Norman Mailer, while writing his best-selling biography "Marilyn," never attempted to talk with Eunice Murray, probably the person closest to Marilyn Monroe during her last months. In this third of a series written for the Tribune, Maurice Zolotow talks to the easily accessible Mrs. Murray, who corrects some of the most shocking statements made in Mailer's book.

By Maurice Zolotow

Third of a series

I INTERVIEWED Eunice Murray—and was the first writer who had done so since August, 1962—in her small cottage behind a larger ranch-style house at 1331 Pearl St. in Santa Monica. [Her grandson, Norman Jeffries, was present during the interview.]

She did not want me to use a tape-recorder, so I made handwritten notes which I transcribed as soon as I returned home.

Mrs. Murray, 71, looks about 50. She is a smiling warm and gentle person. She spoke simply and directly during the interview. Fred Guiles described her in his "Norma Jean" biography as Marilyn's "companion-housekeeper . . . tall and matronly." Mrs. Murray, at 5 foot 2, is hardly tall, nor is she matronly.

"Now this man Guiles," she murmured, smiling, "he has conversations in his book between me and Marilyn when there was nobody there but the two of us and he never spoke to me and she was dead. So how could he know what we said to each other? And Mr. Mailer, who writes so beautifully I may say, he repeats some of Mr. Guiles stories. Well, Marilyn and I had gone on this trip to Mexico in March. And things he printed about that Mexican trip, why it just wasn't so, you know."

Tomorrow in Tempo

• How do you design a room where pets can live comfortably with people? June Hill shows how to cater to critters.

• On the movie set Marilyn Monroe was glamorous and unattainable but in real life her friends saw her longing for a happy family life, reports Maurice Zolotow in the fourth of a series.



Mailer forgot to interview

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The last days of Marilyn Monroe

"Like what?" I asked. Well, like the "red material," she said.

Guiles wrote: "They [Mrs. Murray and Marilyn] found some stiff, heavy, red, hand-loomed material. 'This would make fine sofa upholstery,' Mrs. Murray told Marilyn. The color appealed to Marilyn and she bought 15 yards on her friend's advice. Then tables of a rough trestle variety were purchased and tagged for shipment. Mexican Indian masks of tin were cheap enough to give Marilyn the satisfaction she had found at least one bargain."

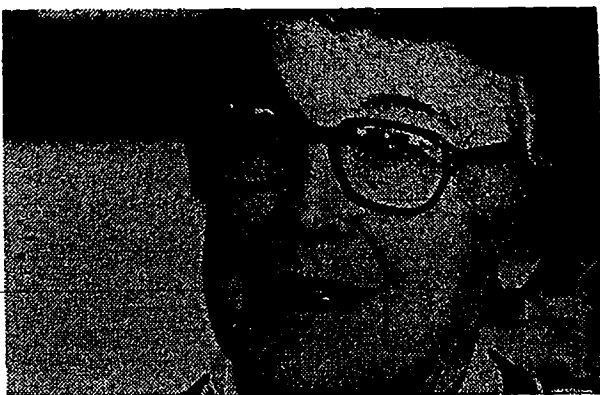
MRS. MURRAY shook her head. "We did not buy any

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Eunice Murray: "I was her cook, decorator and secretary. I was her friend."

Associated Press photo

red cloth in Mexico. We did not have the conversation about red cloth that he writes, or any other conversations he says we had. We did not buy any tin masks," she said. "That's the sort of junk you buy on Olvera Street." [An area in downtown Los Angeles where tourist shops sell Mexican-made souvenirs.]

Mailer also speaks about the tin masks and adds Mexican lighting fixtures. Mrs. Murray says what they bought were beautiful blue Mexican tiles for the kitchen and several chairs and coffee tables which were "lovely hand-crafted peasant pieces."

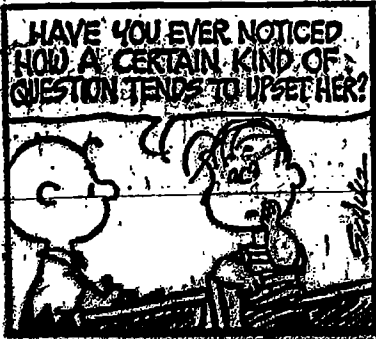
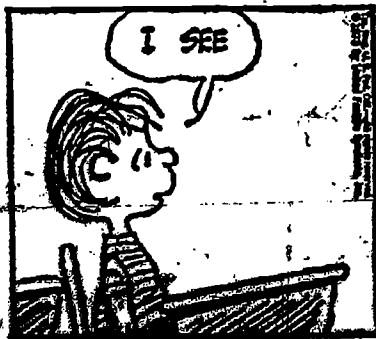
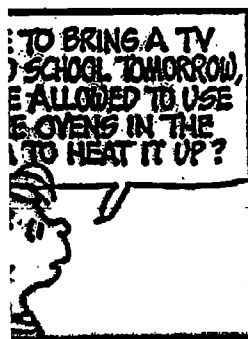
Mrs. Murray is irked at being described as a "housekeeper." She was not. She had been a friend of Dr. Ralph R. Greenson, Marilyn's psychoanalyst. Dr. Greenson thought it was unwise for Marilyn to be alone during the day. He suggested to both women that Mrs. Murray spend the days with Marilyn, and their relationship began in November, 1961, when Marilyn still lived in an apartment.

"I was never Marilyn's housekeeper," Mrs. Murray says. "I guess there's no word in the dictionary to exactly describe what I was. I was her chauffeur, her cook, her real estate agent, her interior decorator, her social secretary." She paused and sighed. "What I was, I was her friend. She trusted me absolutely. She was a very sick child at that time . . . exhausted physically and emotionally. She should not have gone to work on that last picture." ["Something's Got To Give," which started rolling in April 1962, at 20th-Century Fox studio and was never completed.]

Jet Fore, a 20th-Century Fox publicity man, told me that Bobby Kennedy had never visited the set of this movie nor had he telephoned Fox on her behalf when she was fired for chronic absence on the lot in June, 1962, as has been reported. Guiles has Mrs. Murray entering Marilyn's life after she bought the Brentwood home. Actually, Mrs. Murray had helped her select the house and been her friend for several months previously.

Marilyn's new home—the first she had owned—was situated at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive, one of two houses at the end

Continued on following Tempo page



Good Morning

Golfing, dentist, staring at hole while lining up six-foot putt, said "Open a little wider please."

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Drugs found at Marilyn's bedside: Was Robert Kennedy behind the overdose?

M.M.'s friend

The woman Mailer forgot to talk with

Continued from 1st Tempo page

of a quiet little lane. It is remote and country like, yet a few moments from the Brentwood shopping center. It is California Spanish style with two high walls of whitewashed brick. Marilyn paid \$77,500 for it, with a \$35,000 cash down payment. Dr. Greenson believed it would psychologically benefit her to be in her own home, and that she had a powerful nesting instinct which had long been thwarted because she always lived in hotels, rented houses, or houses already owned by previous wives as in Arthur Miller's case.

He felt she should put down roots. It was his hope that Mrs. Murray, in whom the nesting and family instinct was strong, would strengthen this side of Marilyn, relieving her of obsessions and guilts about her failing career and her troubled marriages.

"Marilyn was bursting with plans and ideas about furnishing and decorating her house," Mrs. Murray recalls. "She was so proud of it. Plans for making a special guest-room for Carl Sandburg, whom she loved. Plans about the movies she would make. She was getting better. Dr. Greenson once said to me, 'I don't know what you are doing, but keep on; Marilyn is making real progress.' She had plans for resuming her social life."

I asked her about the dinner party reported by Mailer. Was Bobby Kennedy in the house that Saturday night?

"No," she said.

"Peter Lawford?"

"No."

"Pat Newcomb."

"No. Absolutely not. There was nobody in the house that night except me and Marilyn. The doors were locked. The gate was shut. The windows locked. The French window in her room locked. She always closed the drapes in a room when she went to sleep. Where did Mr. Mailer get the notion that she stapled the drapes? She wouldn't have done that; she never stapled the drapes shut."

I asked whether she knew about a love affair between Frank Sinatra and Marilyn, which some writers have described at length. As far as she knew—and she said there was a situation of complete confidence between her and Marilyn—"she was not having a love affair with Frank Sinatra, tho she considered him a good and kind friend. During the five months she lived in the Brentwood house, Sinatra was there only one time."

And Bobby Kennedy?

"That was the most evil gossip of all," Mrs. Murray said. "It is not true that Marilyn had a secret love affair with Mr. Kennedy. Marilyn opened her heart to me and I would tell you if it were so. Mr. Kennedy came to her house maybe two or three times, that is all. I mean during the time I was Marilyn's friend. He came once during the day with a group of people to see the house. Marilyn loved showing off the house. It was like it was her baby. She was so proud of it. But she didn't go sneaking around with Mr. Kennedy or have a love affair with him."

Mailer acknowledges that he draws much of the factual data about the last two years of Marilyn's life from the Guiles biography. Guiles accepts the romance with Bobby Kennedy as a matter of historical fact. Mailer, however, does not believe that there was a love affair with Kennedy.

Kennedy had come to Hollywood in September 1955. Veteran producer, Jerry Wald, was planning a movie version of his book about labor racketeers, "The Enemy Within," and 20th Century-Fox, and Budd Schulberg had written a script. Kennedy came to discuss the movie.

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Tomorrow: he "other side" of the great film

easy on the mayo

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Mediterranean Lemon
Cake made with yogurt
and ground nuts is good. It is
from "The Portable Feast"
[101 Productions, \$3.95]. Au-
thor is Diane D. MacMillan
and the book is illustrated
by Erni Young.

MEDITERRANEAN LEMON CAKE

[Serves six to eight]

- ½ pound softened butter
- 1½ cups sugar
- 4 eggs, room temperature
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
- 2½ cups unbleached flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon each: soda,

baking powder

- ½ pint yogurt, room temperature
- ¾ cup finely ground nuts
- ½ cup lemon juice

Cream softened butter and 1 cup of the sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and lemon peel; blend thoroly. Sift flour, salt, soda, and baking powder. Add dry ingredients alternately with yogurt. Fold in nuts. Bake in well greased 9 inch tube pan at 350 degrees for 1 hour or until done. Combine the ½ cup sugar and lemon juice in a saucepan. Heat until sugar has dissolved and pour over cake while still warm. Cool in the pan.

\$5 favorite

THRIFTY ONE-DISH MEAL [12 servings]

- 4 cups cooked rice
- 3 cups diced cooked pork, beef, or chicken
- 1 can [16 ounces] peas, drained
- 1 can [128 ounces] tomatoes
- 1 can [8 ounces] tomato sauce
- 1 can [4 ounces] mushroom stems and pieces, drained (optional)

- 1 cup chopped celery
 - 2 small onions, minced
 - ½ cup grated sharp cheese
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - ½ teaspoon pepper
- Combine ingredients. Turn into a 3-quart shallow baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

Mrs. Jennie Mizzar
Andloch
Send your favorite recipe
to: Recipe Editor, Chicago
Tribune. If they bring you
\$5.

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